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IN

GIACOMO PUCCINI'S

JAPANESE LYRIC TRAGEDY

Madam Butterfly

The First Production in America

AND

The First Presentation in English

First Performance in America, on October 15th, 1906
At the Columbia Theatre, Washington, D.C.

MADAM BUTTERFLY

A JAPANESE TRAGEDY

Founded on the book by John L. Long
and
the drama by David Belasco

ITALIAN LIBRETTO BY

L. ILLICA AND G. GIACOSA

English Version by R. H. ELKIN

MUSIC BY

G. PUCCINI

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Characters

MADAM BUTTERFLY (*Cho-Cho-San*) - - - *Soprano*
SUZUKI (*Cho-Cho-San's Servant*) - - - *Mezzo-Soprano*
KATE PINKERTON - - - - - *Mezzo-Soprano*
B. F. PINKERTON (*Lieutenant in the United States Navy*) *Tenor*
SHARPLESS (*United States Consul at Nagasaki*) - *Baritone*
GORO (*a Marriage Broker*) - - - - - - *Tenor*
PRINCE YAMADORI - - - - - - *Baritone*
THE BONZE (*Cho-Cho-San's Uncle*) - - - - *Bass*
YAKUSIDE - - - - - - - - - *Baritone*
THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER - - - - *Bass*
THE OFFICIAL REGISTRAR - - - *Baritone* } *Members of the Chorus*
CHO-CHO-SAN'S MOTHER - - *Mezzo-Soprano*
THE AUNT - - - - - - - *Mezzo-Soprano*
THE COUSIN - - - - - - - - *Soprano*
TROUBLE (*Cho-Cho-San's Child*) - - - —

Cho-Cho-San's Relations and Friends. *Servants.*

At Nagasaki. Present Day

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ARGUMENT

ACT I.

LIEUTENANT B. F. PINKERTON, of the United States Navy, is about to contract a "Japanese Marriage" with Cho-Cho-San, known among her friends as BUTTERFLY. When the curtain rises he is being shown over the little house on the hill, which he has leased at Nagaski and is about to occupy with his Japanese wife. GORO, the nakodo or marriage broker, who has arranged the match, has also found him the house and is enjoying PINKERTON'S surprise and pleasure at the ingenious contrivances of the building. PINKERTON is then introduced to the three Japanese servants, one of whom is SUSUKI, BUTTERFLY'S faithful maid. His friend SHARPLESS, the American Consul, arrives, and the two men settle down to an intimate chat. SHARPLESS looks upon PINKERTON'S projected alliance with disfavour, and begs him to reflect before taking the step. He urges that what is a mere pastime to PINKERTON may be a very serious matter—a matter of life or death—to the Japanese girl. PINKERTON laughs at his friend's apprehensions, and their discussion is interrupted by the arrival of the bride and her friends. Greetings are interchanged; SHARPLESS takes the opportunity of getting into conversation with BUTTERFLY and is more than ever convinced that she is taking her marriage very seriously. That his misgivings are not groundless is soon proved, for in a pretty interview with PINKERTON, BUTTERFLY confides to him that she has, secretly and quite unknown to her relations, renounced her faith, the faith of her forefathers, before entering on her new life with him; a step which means cutting herself adrift from all her old associations and belongings, and entrusting her future entirely to her husband.

The relations arrive, together with the Japanese officials, and the marriage contract is signed with due ceremony. While the guests are joyfully drinking the newly-wedded pair's health, a weird figure suddenly appears on the scene, shouting and cursing wildly. It is BUTTERFLY'S uncle, the Bonze (Japanese priest), who has discovered her renunciation of faith and has come to curse her for it. He insists on all her relations, including her mother, renouncing her for ever; whereupon PINKERTON, annoyed at the disturbance, turns the whole lot out of his house, and they depart, shaking the air with their imprecations. BUTTERFLY is left weeping bitterly, and PINKERTON proceeds to comfort his poor little Japanese wife. He soon woos her back to smiles and happiness, and a passionate love scene follows. And so we leave this strangely-assorted pair on the threshold of their life together.

ACT II.—Part 1.

Three years have passed. PINKERTON has long since been recalled to America, promising his little wife to return to her "when the robins nest." The curtain rises on a sadder and wiser SUZUKI, praying against all conviction for PINKERTON'S return, and on a faithful, ever-trusting, never-doubting BUTTERFLY. She declines to listen to SUZUKI'S misgivings: "'Tis *faith* you are lacking!" she says, and in most touching language she draws a vivid picture of PINKERTON'S speedy return: "This will all come to pass just as tell you. Banish your idle fears, for he'll return, I know it!"

She is interrupted by a visit from the Consul SHARPLESS, who has been entrusted by PINKERTON with a very cruel task, viz., to break to BUTTERFLY the news that he is returning to Nagasaki, but that he is now married—really married this time!—to an American wife. But with the best intentions, SHARPLESS is unable to deliver his message. The very sight of a letter from PINKERTON throws BUTTERFLY into such a transport of excitement and joy that she is unable to listen to its contents. He has written, he has remembered her, and of course he must

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be returning! Then they are disturbed by a visit from YAMADORI, a wealthy Japanese suitor, whom GORO is urging BUTTERFLY to marry. She is very indignant. "How can I marry him?" she protests, "when I am already married?" And when GORO and SHARPLESS, appalled at her blindness, suggests that PINKERTON'S desertion of her constitutes divorce, she proudly tells them: - "That may be Japanese law, but not the law of *my* country, America!" It is a hopeless task to try and undeceive a faith such as hers. After YAMADORI has taken his departure, SHARPLESS makes one more attempt to open her eyes to the truth, but she silences him once for all by fetching in her baby boy, a blue-eyed, fair-haired replica of PINKERTON. "Look," she says, with maternal pride, "can such as *this* well be forgotten? When PINKERTON hears what a fine son is waiting for him, will he not hasten back to Japan?" And the poor Consul has reluctantly to take his leave without having achieved his mission.

He has hardly gone before the harbour cannons announce the arrival of a man-of-war. Their eyes dim with happy tears, their hands shaking with excitement so that they can hardly hold the telescope, BUTTERFLY and SUZUKI discover it is PINKERTON'S ship, the *Abraham Lincoln!* Now BUTTERFLY'S transports know no bounds. She has proved herself right! Her faith is rewarded! Her husband is returning to her! She and SUZUKI decorate the little home with flowers until it is a very bower. She and the baby are adorned in their very best, and then she stations herself, SUZUKI and the baby in front of three holes she has pierced in the *Shosi*, there to watch for PINKERTON'S arrival. As night falls, SUZUKI and the baby drop off to sleep. The curtain falls on the pathetic picture of BUTTERFLY, rigid and motionless, waiting and watching in unshaken faith for the return of the husband who has forsaken her. . . .

ACT II.—Part 2.

. . . The weary night has passed, and the breaking dawn discovers SUZUKI and the baby fast asleep while BUTTERFLY still stands waiting, watching. The sunshine awakes SUZUKI, who persuades BUTTERFLY to go and rest, promising to call her as soon as PINKERTON arrives. Hardly has BUTTERFLY gone up with her baby than PINKERTON and SHARPLESS appear on the scene. SUZUKI'S joyful surprise is soon changed to consternation when she finds that PINKERTON is accompanied by a strange lady—his wife! PINKERTON, surrounded by proofs of BUTTERFLY'S unbroken faith and devotion, now at last realizes the truth of the Consul's warnings and the heartliness of his own conduct. Overcome by remorse and the anguish of the situation, he rushes away, leaving SHARPLESS to arrange things as best he can. The Consul has hard work to pacify SUZUKI. At last he persuades her to break the news to her poor little mistress and to try and induce her to give up her baby to Mrs. PINKERTON, who will bestow a mother's care on it. Before SUZUKI has time to prevent her, BUTTERFLY comes down, radiantly expecting to find her husband, and in a scene, the pathos of which cannot well be surpassed, she learns the terrible truth. She bears the blow with a gentle dignity more touching than any lamentation. She even wishes the "real American wife" every happiness, and sends PINKERTON a message that she herself will "find peace," and that he shall have his son if he will come and fetch him himself in half an hour's time. And then SHARPLESS and Mrs. PINKERTON withdraw and leave the poor little girl alone with her broken heart.

But when, in half an hour's time, PINKERTON and SHARPLESS return to keep their appointment, the faithful little broken heart has ceased to beat. BUTTERFLY has killed herself with her father's sword, the blade of which bears the inscription:

"To die with honour
When one can no longer live with honour."

R. H. ELKIN.

ACT I.

Hill near Nagasaki.

A Japanese house, terrace and garden.
Below, in the background, the bay, the harbour and the town of Nagasaki.

Pinkerton and Goro.

Goro *is showing* Pinkerton *over the house.* Pinkerton *passes from one surprise to another.*

PINKERTON
And the walls—and the ceiling—

GORO
(enjoying his surprise)
They will come and will go,
Just as it may suit your fancy
To exchange or to vary
New and old in the same surroundings.

PINKERTON
(looking around)
The marriage-chamber,
Where is it?

GORO
(pointing in two directions)
Here, or there!—according—

PINKERTON

A wonderful contrivance!
The hall?

GORO

(showing the terrace)

Behold!

PINKERTON

(amazed)

In the open?

GORO

(making a partition slide out)

A wall slides outward—

PINKERTON

I see now! Another—

GORO

Runs along!

PINKERTON

And so the fairy dwelling—

GORO

Springs like a tow'r from nowhere,
Complete from base to attic!—

PINKERTON

It comes and goes by magic!

GORO

(claps his hand loudly twice: enter two men and a woman, who go down on their hands and knees in front of Pinkerton)

This is the trusty handmaid,
Who waits upon your wife,
Faithful and devoted.
The cook—the servant. They're embarrass'd
At such great honour.

PINKERTON

Their names?

GORO
(introducing them)
"*Miss Gentle-Breeze-of-Morning.—*
Ray-of-the-golden-sun.—Sweet-scented-pine-tree."

PINKERTON
Foolishly chosen nicknames!
I will call them: scarecrows!
(pointing to them one by one)
Scarecrow first; scarecrow second; and scarecrow
third!

SUZUKI
(grown bolder)
Your Honour deigns to smile?—
Your smile is fair as flowers.
Thus spake the wise Ocunama:
A smile conquers all, and defies
Ev'ry trouble. Pearls may be won by smiling.
Smiles can ope the portals
Of Paradise.
The Perfume of the Gods—
The Fountain of Life—

(Goro, perceiving that Pinkerton begins to be bored at Suzuki's loquacity, claps his hands thrice. The three rise and quickly disappear into the house)

PINKERTON
When they begin to talk,
Alike I find all women.
(to Goro who has gone to the back to look out)
Why look you?

GORO
Watching for the bride's arrival.

PINKERTON
All is ready?

GORO
Ev'ry detail.

PINKERTON
You shining light of brokers!

GORO

(thanks with a deep bow)

There will come: the official registrar,
The relations, your country's Consul,
Your future wife. Here you'll sign the contract,
And solomnize the marriage.

PINKERTON

Are there many relations?

GORO

Her mother, grandam, and the Bonze, her uncle,
(Who'll scarcely honour us with his appearance)
Her cousins, male and female—
Of ancessors I reckon, and other blood relations,
A round two dozen.
As to the descendents—

(with obsequious presumption)

That may be left, I reckon,
To your Honour and the fair Butterfly—

(the voice of the Consul Sharpless, who is climbing the hill, is heard)

THE VOICE OF SHARPLESS

(rather far off)

A plague on this steep ascent!
Stumbling, and spluttering—

GORO

(who has run to the back, announces)

Here comes the Consul.

SHARPLESS

(enters, quite out of breath. Goro bows low before him)

Ah! the scramble up
Has left me breathless!

PINKERTON

(goes to meet the Consul: they shake hands)

Good-day, friend! Welcome!

SHARPLESS

Ough!

PINKERTON

Quickly, Goro,
Fetch some refreshments.

(Goro hurries into the house)

SHARPLESS

(looking about)

Lofty!

PINKERTON

(showing him the view)

But lovely!

SHARPLESS

(looking at the sea and the town below)

Nagasaki—the ocean—
The harbor—

PINKERTON

(pointing to the house)

This is a dwelling
Which is managed by magic.

SHARPLESS

Yours?

PINKERTON

I bought this house
For nine hundred and ninety-nine years,
But with the option, at every month,
To cancel the contract!
I must say, in this country
The houses and the contracts are elastic!

SHARPLESS

The man of bus'ness profits by it.

(Goro comes bustling out of the house, followed by the two servants. They bring glasses, bottles and two wicker lounges; place the glasses and bottles on a small table, and return to the house)

PINKERTON

(inviting him to be seated)

Surely.
The whole world over,
On bus'ness and pleasure bent
The Yankee travels, all dangers scorning.

His anchor boldly he casts at random—
Until a sudden squall—
(breaking off to offer Sharpless a drink)
Milk punch or whisky?
(resuming)
—Upsets his ship, then up go sails and rigging;
And life is not worth living
If he can't win the best
And fairest of each country,
The heart of each fair maid!

SHARPLESS

That's an easy-going gospel
Which makes life very pleasant,
But is fatal in the end—

PINKERTON
(continuing)

Fate cannot crush him, he tries again undaunted.
No one and nothing
Breaks his plucky spirit.
And so I'm marrying in Japanese fashion,
Tied for nine hundred
And ninety-nine years,
Free, though, to annul the marriage monthly.
"America for ever!"

SHARPLESS

Is the bride very pretty?

GORO
(who has overheard, approaches the terrace officiously)

Fair as a garland
Of fragrant flowers! Brighter
Than a star in the heavens!
And for nothing: one hundred
Yen.
(to the Consul)
If your Augustness will entrust me,
I have a fine selection?
(the Consul laughingly declines)

PINKERTON
(very impatiently)
Go and fetch her, Goro.
(Goro runs to the back and disappears down the hill)

SHARPLESS
What folly has seized you!
D' you think you are
Intoxicated ?

PINKERTON
(rises impatiently. Sharpless rises also)
May be! Depends
On what you call intoxication!
Is't love or fancy, maid or myth—
I cannot tell you—all that I know is
She, with her innocent charm, has entranc'd me.
Almost transparently fragile and slender,
Dainty in stature, quaint little figure,
Seems to have stepped down
Straight from a screen.—
But from her background of varnish and lacquer—
Suddenly, light as a feather she flutters,
And, like a butterfly, hovers and settles,
With so much charm and such seductive graces,
That to pursue her a wild wish seized me—
Though in the quest her frail wings should be broken.

SHARPLESS
(seriously and kindly)
The other day, she came up
To call at the Consulate!
I did not see her, but I heard her speak.
And the mystery of her voice
Touched my very soul.
Surely love that is pure and true speaks like that.
It were indeed sad pity
To tear those dainty wings,
And perchance to torment a trusting heart.
No cry of anguish should e'er be uttered
By that gentle and trusting little voice.

PINKERTON

Dearly beloved Consul,
Allay your fears! We know
Men of your age look on life with mournful eyes.
No harm I reckon these wings to raise,
And guide them to the tender flights of love!

(offers him more drink)

Whisky ?

SHARPLESS

Yes, mix me another.

(Pinkerton fills up his own glass as well)

Here's to your friends and relations at home.

PINKERTON

(raising his glass)

And to the day on which I'll wed
In real marriage—a real American wife!

GORO

(reappears running breathlessly up the hill)

See them! they've climbed the summit of the hill!

(pointing towards the path)

A crowd of women hustling,
Like the wind in branches rustling,

Here they come bustling !

(The confused and lively hubbub of many voices is heard from the path. Pinkerton and Sharpless retire to the back of the garden, watching the path on the hill)

BUTTERFLY'S VOICE

There's one step more to climb.

OTHER VOICES.

How long you tarry—here is the summit—
One moment——look, oh look !

BUTTERFLY'S VOICE

Across the earth and o'er the ocean
Balmy breeze and scent of Spring are blowing—
I am the happiest maiden,
The happiest in Japan—
In all the world.

From ev'ry nook and corner
The city sends me greeting
With a thousand voices.
Friends, I have obeyed
The summons of love,
Upon the threshold standing,
Where all the glory awaits me,
That life or death can offer.

HER GIRL FRIENDS

The best of luck attend you,
Gentle maiden, but ere
You cross the threshold which invites you,
Turn and admire the things you hold so dear.
What lovely flow'rs! what lovely sky, and lovely sea!

SHARPLESS

O happy prattle, careless days of youth!

(Butterfly and her girl friends appear on the brow of the hill. They will carry large brightly coloured sunshades, open)

BUTTERFLY

We're there now.

(she sees the three men standing together and recognizes Pinkerton. She promptly closes her sunshade and introduces Pinkerton to her friends)

B. F. Pinkerton. Down.

(goes down on her knees)

THE GIRL FRIENDS

(close their sunshades and go on their knees)

Down.

(then they all rise and ceremoneously approach Pinkerton)

BUTTERFLY

Augustly welcome—

THE GIRL FRIENDS

Hail, most mighty!

PINKERTON

(smiling)

The ascent
Is rather trying?

BUTTERFLY
(measuredly)
Not so trying
To a bride
As are the weary hours
Of waiting.

PINKERTON
(rather sarcastically)
What a pretty
Compliment!

BUTTERFLY
(ingenuously)
I know better ones
Than that—

PINKERTON
(good humouredly)
Gems, I doubt not!

BUTTERFLY
(anxious to show off her stock of compliments)
It you care for some
At present...

PINKERTON
(gently)
Thank you—no.

SHARPLESS
(after scanning the group of maidens with curiosity, approaches Butterfly, who listens to him attentively)
Miss "Butterfly"—How pretty!—Your name
Was well chosen. Are you from Nagasaki?

BUTTERFLY
Sir, I am. My people
Were formerly wealthy.
(to her friends)
Say so!

HER GIRL FRIENDS
(assenting with alacrity)
It is so!

BUTTERFLY

There's no one cares to own he was born in poverty ;
Is not ev'ry vagrant, when you listen to his tale,
Of ancient lineage ? But yet indeed
I have known riches. But the strongest oak
Must fall when the storm-wind wrecks the forest.
And we had to go as geishas, to earn our living.
(to her friends)
Say so !

THE FRIENDS
(corroborating)
Truly !

BUTTERFLY

I frankly own it,
And don't blush for it.
(seeing that Sharpless smiles)
You're laughing ? And why ? That's how the world runs !

PINKERTON
(has listened with interest and turns to Sharpless)
(With her innocent baby-face, she sets my heart throbbing.)

SHARPLESS
(he also is interested in Butterfly's prattle, and continues to question her.
And have you no sisters ?

BUTTERFLY
None, Augustness. I've my mother.

GORO
(importantly)
A most notable lady.

BUTTERFLY
But through no fault whatever,
Dreadfully poor is she.

SHARPLESS
And where's your father ?

BUTTERFLY
(stops short in surprise, then answers very shortly :)
Dead !

(The friends then hang their heads. Goro is embarrassed. They all fan themselves nervously —then Butterfly, to break the painful silence, turns to Pinkerton)

But I've other relations :
I've one uncle, the Bonze.

PINKERTON
(with exaggerated surprise)
Never!

THE FRIENDS
A miracle of wisdom !

GORO
Of eloquence a fountain !

PINKERTON
Thank you, thank you, kind fate !

BUTTERFLY
And yet another uncle,
But that one's—

THE FRIENDS
A good-for-nothing !

BUTTERFLY
(Kind-heartedly trying to hush them)
He's just a little wanting.

THE FRIENDS
An everlasting tippler.

PINKERTON
One thinker—and one drinker !
They make a pretty couple.

BUTTERFLY
(mortified)

You are not angry ?

PINKERTON
Not I !
I do not care a jot !

SHAPELESS
(to Butterfly)

What might your age be ?

BUTTERFLY
(with almost childish coquetry)

Now try to guess it !

PINKERTON

Ten years.

BUTTERFLY

Guess higher.

SHARPLESS

Twenty.

BUTTERFLY

Guess lower.
Fifteen, exactly fifteen !
I am old, am I not ?

SHAPLESS

Fifteen years old ! The age
Of playthings—

PINKERTON

And of sweetmeats !

(To Goro, who claps his hands, summoning the three servants, who come running out from the house : Goro gives them the orders which he takes from Pinkerton)

Call my scarecrows to hand round
Candied flies and spiders,
Preserves and pastry, and all
Sorts of curious liquors,
And most peculiar delicacies
They fancy in Japan.

(Goro is just about to follow the servants into the house, when he perceives more people climbing the hill ; he goes to look, then runs to announce the new arrivals to Pinkerton and to Sharpless :)

GORO
(importantly)

The august High Commiss'ner—
The official Registrar—the relations.

PINKERTON
(to Goro)

Come now, hurry.

(Goro runs into the house)

(From the path in the background Butterfly's relations are seen climbing the hill and passing along : Butterfly and her friends go to meet them, bowing and kow-towing : the relatives stare curiously as the two Americans, asking Butterfly for explanations. Last of all arrive the Imperial Commissioner and the official Registrar, who remain in the background. Pinkerton has taken Sharpless by the arm and leading him to one side, laughingly makes him look at the quaint group of relations)

PINKERTON

What farce is this procession
Of my worthy new relations,
Held on terms of monthly contract !—

I feel sure that there behind the
Mighty fan of peacock's feathers
My moth'r-in-law is hiding.—

And that shabby-looking ninny,
Jumping like a frog in action,
Is the mad and boozy uncle !

Then there's even a small urchin,
Shining, yellow, and all greasy.

Look at them, intently chatting,
Trying to kow-tow before me.

SHARPLESS

(to Pinkerton)

Oh, trebly luckly Pinkerton,
Since Fate has let you gather
A flower hardly open'd !

I have ne'er seen fairer
Nor sweeter maiden than
This little Butterfly.

How exciting ! Be prudent !
Or this pseudo-marriage
Will lead you into trouble.
Do not look on this contract,
And on her faith as pastime—
I warn you ! For she trusts you.
(points to Butterfly)

SOME OF THE RELATIONS
(with great curiosity, to Butterfly)
Where is he? Where?

BUTTERFLY
(pointing to Pinkerton)
That is he—there!

FIRST COUSIN
To tell the truth,
Handsome he's not—

BUTTERFLY
(offended)
Handsomer man
You never saw—
Not in your dreams.

BUTTERFLY'S MOTHER
I think him fine!

THE UNCLE
He's worth a lot!

FIRST COUSIN
Why, Goro offered him to me,
But I said no!

BUTTERFLY
(contemptuously)
To *you*, my dear!

SOME MALE AND FEMALE FRIENDS
Because on her
His choice did fall,
She would look down
Upon us all!

SOME OTHER GIRL FRIENDS
I think her beauty's
On the wane.

MALE AND FEMALE COUSINS
She'll be divorc'd!

OTHERS
I hope she may.

GORO
For goodness sake
Be silent now—
Where did you get
Your manners from?

BUTTERFLY'S MOTHER AND A FEW COUSINS
Why, that one there
Won't let her be.

GORO
The more fools you
To bring her here.

THE UNCLE
Is there no wine?

THE MOTHER AND THE AUNT
Let's look about.

SOME FRIENDS
I've just seen some,
The hue of tea—
And crimson too!

THE UNCLE
I'd like a drink!

THE CHILD
And sweetmeats.

HIS MOTHER
Yes.

THE CHILD
(capering for joy)
Hurrah! Hurrah!

BUTTERFLY
Mother, come here.

(to the others)

Listen to me :
All of you, look,
One—two—three—
All of you: down !

(They all bow low before Pinkerton)

(Meanwhile, Goro has made the servants bring out some small tables, on which they place a variety of cakes, sweetmeats, liquors, wines and tea-sets. They set some cushions and a small table with writing-materials apart. The friends and relations evince great satisfaction at the refreshments. Butterfly presents her relations to Pinkerton)

BUTTERFLY

My mother—

PINKERTON

Most charmed to meet you.

THE MOTHER

Your Augustness dazzles me with fairness.

BUTTERFLY

My cousin and her son—

PINKERTON

(giving the child a playful smack ; the latter draws back timidly)
He bids fair to grow sturdy !

THE COUSIN

(bowing with much ceremony)
Your Augustness !

BUTTERFLY

My uncle Yakusidé.

PINKERTON

Is that he ? Ha ! Ha !

YAKUSIDÉ

Your antecedents shall live for ever !

SOME RELATIONS

May the Heavens smile upon thee !

OTHERS

May your path be strewn with roses !

PINKERTON

(thanks them all, and to get rid of them, shows them the delicacies spread out; then he turns to Sharpless)

Lord, what foolish people !

(The Friends and Relations rush to the tables ; the servants hand round saki, sweets, pastry, wine and liquors; lively ejaculations of the guests. Butterfly seats her Mother and her Cousin close to her, and tries to restrain their greediness)

(Goro accompanies the Consul, the Commissioner and the Registrar to the table with writing materials. The Consul examines the papers and gets the bond ready. Pinkerton draws near to Butterfly and gently offers her some sweets)

Here's to our love !

(seeing that Butterfly appears embarrassed)

What, don't you like the sweetmeats ?

BUTTERFLY

Mr. B. F. Pinkerton, forgive me—

(shows her hands and arms, which are encumbered by stuffed-out sleeves)

I should like—a young girl's few possessions—

PINKERTON

But where are they ?

BUTTERFLY

(pointing to her sleeves)

They are here—are you angry ?

PINKERTON
(rather astonished, smiles—then quickly and gallantly reassures her)
Nay, angry,
Why, dear little Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY
(empties her sleeves, placing their contents one by one on a stool)
Kerchiefs—a pipe—a buckle—
A colored ribbon—
A mirror—and a fan—

PINKERTON
(sees a jar)
What is that little pot?

BUTTERFLY
A little jar of paint.

PINKERTON
Oh, fie!

BUTTERFLY
You mind it?
(throws it away)
There!
(draws out a long and narrow sheath)

PINKERTON
And that thing?

BUTTERFLY
(very gravely)
That I hold most sacred.

PINKERTON
And am I not to see it?

BUTTERFLY
(beseeching and grave)
Not here in public.
Pray excuse me.
(she lays down the sheath very reverently)

GORO
(has meanwhile approached and whispers to Pinkerton)
It was sent
By the Mikado to her father, with a message—
(imitating the action of suicide by *hara-kiri*)

PINKERTON
(softly to Goro)
And—her father?

GORO
Was obedient.
(he withdraws, mingling with the guests)

BUTTERFLY
(takes some images from her sleeves and shows them to Pinkerton)
The Ottoki.

PINKERTON
(takes one and examines it curiously)
These small figures?—Can you mean it?

BUTTERFLY
The souls of my Forefathers.

PINKERTON
Ah! I bow before them.
(he puts down the image near the others, then rises)

BUTTERFLY
(leads Pinkerton on one side and says to him in respectfully confiding tones:)
Hear what I would tell you:
Yesterday I crept softly to the Mission:
Entering on my new life
I wish to adopt a new religion.
No one knows what I've done,
Neither friends nor relations. My fate I have to follow,
And full of humble faith,
I bow before the God of my dear master.

For me you spent a hundred yen,
But I shall try to be most frugal.
And to give you more pleasure,
I can almost forget my race and people.

(goes to take up the images)

Away they go!

(throws them down. Meanwhile, Goro has approached the Consul, and, having received his orders, thunders forth in stentorian tones:)

GORO

Silence! silence!

(The chattering ceases: they all leave off eating and drinking and come forward in a circle, listening with much interest: Pinkerton and Butterfly stand in the centre)

THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER

(reads)

Leave is given to the undersign'd,
Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton,
Lieutenant, serving on the gunboat
Abra'm Lincoln, of the United States Navy,
Of North America;
And to the spinster, known as Butterfly,
Inhabitant of Omara-Nagasaki,
Hitherto single, and in consequence
Never divorced,
To join in bonds of wedlock; to wit
The former of his free accord and will,
The latter with consent of her relations,
Witnesses of the contract.

(hands the bond for signature)

GORO
(with much unction)
The bridegroom.
(Pinkerton signs)
Now the bride.
(Butterfly signs)
And all is settled.

THE GIRL FRIENDS
(surround Butterfly, congratulating her)
Dear Madam Butterfly.

BUTTERFLY
(corrects them)
Nay, Madam B. F. Pinkerton.

(The Civil Registrar withdraws the bond and informs the Commissioner that the ceremony is over)

THE COMMISSIONER
(taking leave of Pinkerton)
The best of wishes.

PINKERTON
I thank you most sincerely.

THE COMMISSIONER
(to the Consul)
May ask, are you going?

SHARPLESS
I'll go with you.

THE REGISTRAR
(taking leave of Pinkerton)
The best of luck.

PINKERTON
I'm much obliged.

SHARPLESS
(shaking hands with Pinkerton)
We shall meet to-morrow! Be careful!

PINKERTON
To-morrow, surely.

(Pinkerton accompanies the three as far as the path which leads down to the town, and waves his hand to them as they vanish from sight. They had first to pass between two files of friends and relatives, who saluted them with many ceremonious bows. Butterfly has withdrawn close to her mother. Pinkerton returns and is naturally anxious to get rid of the wedding guests)

(Now quickly to get rid
Of this little family party! How shall I do it?)
This way, good uncle.

(laughingly mixes some whisky for Yakusidé)

Here, the stirrup-cup for you I'm mixing.

YAKUSIDÉ

Yes, rather! let's have twenty!

PINKERTON

(giving him the decanter)

And here's the whisky-bottle!

YAKUSIDÉ

(sententiously)

Drink up your saki, and kneel to the Almighty!

PINKERTON

(about to mix some drink for Butterfly's mother)

Here's some for you—

BUTTERFLY

(prevents him from pouring out)

No, thank you.

PINKERTON

(turning from one to another)

And the friends
And relations—take some cakes and a
Glass of sherry.

YAKUSIDÉ

(advancing eagerly)

With pleasure!

THE FRIENDS

(driving him away)

Oh, the drunkard! Oh, the drunkard!

GORO

(to Pinkerton, so that he may not encourage the drunkard too much)

Gently, sir; gently!
Give him a chance, and he'd drink up the ocean!

PINKERTON

(to the child, giving him a lot of sweets)

Your turn, young rascal;
Spread out your hands, and stuff up your sleeves
With cakes and sweets and lots of pastry.

(raising his own glass)

Hip ! Hip !

ALL

(toasting)

O Kami ! O Kami !

PINKERTON

Let's drink to the newly-married couple.

ALL

O Kami ! O Kami !

(The toasts are interrupted by strange cries from the hill; all of a sudden a weird figure appears in the background, at the sight of whom all are thunderstruck. It is the Bonze, who comes forward in a towering rage, and, catching sight of Butterfly, stretches out threatening hands towards her, crying:)

THE BONZE

Cho-Cho-San ! Cho-Cho-San !
Abomination !

GORO

(annoyed at the Bonze's intrusion)

A plague on this intruder !
What on earth brought him hither,
Of all troublesome people ?

(signs to the servants to remove the tables, cushions and stools; and then prudently retires himself, grumbling furiously)

ALL

(huddling together in a corner in terror)

The Bonze, her uncle !

(Pinkerton looks at the Bonze's weird figure and laughs)

THE BONZE

(to Butterfly, who stands isolated from the rest)

What were
You doing at the Mission ?

PINKERTON

What is that madman shrieking ?

THE BONZE

Give answer, what were you doing ?

ALL

Give answer, Cho-Cho-San !

THE BONZE

How then, don't you even falter ?
Are these the fruits of evil ?

(shouting)

She has renounced us all !

ALL

Hou ! Cho-Cho-San !

THE BONZE

She's renounced, let me tell you,
Her true religion !

ALL

Hou ! Cho-Cho-San !

(Butterfly, overcome with shame, hides her face in her hands)

THE BONZE

(shouting into her face)

In everlasting torment
May your wicked soul perish ?

(Butterfly's mother comes forward to protect her, but the Bonze roughly pushes her away. Pinkerton loses patience, rises and shouts to the Bonze:)

PINKERTON

(out of patience)

Be silent now, d'you hear me ?

(At the sound of Pinkerton's voice, the Bonze stops short in amazement, then with a sudden resolve he invites friends and relations to come away)

THE BONZE

Come with me, all. We'll leave her.

(to Butterfly)

You have renounced us all—and we—

ALL

Renounce you !

PINKERTON

(authoritatively)

Leave this place on the instant ! Here I am master.
I'll have no turmoil and no disturbance here !

(All the guests, including the Bonze, depart in great haste, going down the hillside and continuing to hurl threats and imprecations at Butterfly. By degrees the voices die away in the distance. Butterfly, who has been standing motionless and mute with her face buried in her hands, bursts into childish tears. Evening begins to draw in gradually, then night sets in, serene and starlit)

PINKERTON
(goes up to Butterfly and gently draws her hands from her face)
Dearest, my dearest, weep no more!
Let the frogs croak their loudest.

BUTTERFLY
(still hears the yells of her relations and holds her ears)
Hark how they yell.

PINKERTON
(cheering her)
All your respected tribe,
And all the Bonzes in Japan,
Are not worth a tear
From those dear eyes of yours.

BUTTERFLY
(smiling with childlike pleasure)
Indeed? I'll weep no more—
And now I'm scarcely grieved at their desertion,
So sweet are your words of comfort
Which fall like gentle balm on my poor heart.
(stoops to kiss Pinkerton's hand)

PINKERTON
(surprised at her action, gently stops her)
What's this?—My hand?

BUTTERFLY
They tell me
That abroad, where the people are more cultured,
This is a token of the highest honour.

PINKERTON
(hears a subdued murmuring)
Who's murmuring in there?

BUTTERFLY

'Tis Suzuki who offers up
Her evening prayer.

PINKERTON

(drawing her close to him)

Evening is falling—

BUTTERFLY

With shadows and quiet—

PINKERTON

You're here alone—

BUTTERFLY

Alone and renounced !
They've renounced me, and yet I'm happy !

PINKERTON

(has clapped his hands and the servants have hastened in)

Come hither—the shosi.

BUTTERFLY

(the servants close the partitions which run along the terrace, and then retire)

Yes, we are all alone—
The world is yonder.

PINKERTON

(laughing)

And your uncle breathing thunder !

BUTTERFLY

(to Suzuki, who has come in with the servants and is awaiting orders)

Suzuki, bring my garments.

(Suzuki rummages in a lacquer trunk, whilst Pinkerton watches the servants who are changing part of the terrace into a room)

SUZUKI

(after having given Butterfly her night-attire and a small box with toilet necessaries, bows low to Pinkerton)

Good-night, Augustness.

(Butterfly retires to a corner, and, assisted by Suzuki, carefully performs her toilet for the night, exchanging her wedding-garment for one of pure white. Suzuki goes out. Pinkerton, lolling on the wicker lounge, takes a cigarette and watches Butterfly, who is busy adorning herself)

BUTTERFLY

I long to be rid
Of this ponderous obi,
A bride must be rob'd
In a garment of white.
He's peeping and smiling,
Conceal'd by the lattice—
Oh, could I but vanish
My blushes to hide!
I hear that angry voice
Still shouting curses—
Butterfly—they've renounced her,
Renounced her—still she's happy.

PINKERTON

Just like a little squirrel
Are all her pretty movements.
To think that pretty plaything
Is my wife! my wife!
Gazing upon that baby-form
I scarce can find a trace
Of womanhood, scarce enough
To raise a smile—
But her charm
Is so alluring,
That my heart
Is beating madly,
With passionate longing!

PINKERTON

(goes up to Butterfly, raises her gently and goes out on the terrace with her)

Child, from whose eyes the witchery is shining,
Now you are all my own!
You're clad all in lily-white raiment,
How sweet are your tresses of brown
In your snowy-white garment—

BUTTERFLY

(goes down from the terrace)

I am like
The little Moon-Goddess,
The little Moon-Goddess who comes down by night
From her bridge in the star-lighted sky—

PINKERTON

(following her)

Bewitching all mortals—

BUTTERFLY

Then she takes them
And she wraps them in mantle of white,
And away she bears them, to realms high above.

PINKERTON

But, dearest, as yet you've not told me,
You've not told me yet that you love me.
Do you think that my goddess
Knows the words I am yearning to hear?

BUTTERFLY

She knows, but perhaps will not say them,
For fear she may die of her love!

PINKERTON

Fear not, my dearest, for love does not mean dying,
But rather living; and it
Radiates happiness celestial.
I see it shine, as in your eyes I'm gazing.
(drawing close to her and taking her face in his hands)

BUTTERFLY

(withdrawing from his ardent embrace and moving away)
I used to think; if anyone should want me—
(stops short)

PINKERTON

Why do you falter? Come, end your sweet confession.

BUTTERFLY

I used to think, if anyone should want me,
Then perhaps for a time I might have married.
'Twas then that the Nakodo
Came to me with your marriage offer.
But,—the truth I must confess,—
At the beginning, all he said was useless.
A stranger from America!
A foreigner! a barbarian!
Forgive me—I did not know—

PINKERTON

My gentle darling! And then?
Continue.

BUTTERFLY

But now, beloved!
You are the world, more than the world to me.
Indeed, I liked you the very first moment
That I saw you.—You're so strong,
So handsome!—Your laugh
Is so open and so hearty!
The things you say are so fascinating.

Now I am happy.—Ah, love me a little,
Oh just a very little,
As you would love a baby,
'Tis all I ask for.
I come of a race
Accustom'd to little ;
Grateful for love that's silent,
Light as a blossom,
And yet everlasting
As the sky, as the fathomless ocean.

PINKERTON

Give me your darling hands, that I may kiss them !

(bursts out very tenderly)

My Butterfly !—aptly your name was chosen.
Gossamer creation !—

BUTTERFLY

(at these words her face clouds over, and she draws away her hands)

They say that in your country
If a butterfly is caught by man,
He'll pierce its heart with a needle,
And then leave it to perish !

PINKERTON

(gently taking her hands again and smiling)

Some truth there is in that.
And can you tell me why ?
That you may not escape.

(embracing her)

See I have caught you—
I hold you as you flutter—
Be mine.

BUTTERFLY

(throwing herself in his arms)

Yes, yours for ever.

PINKERTON

Come then, come then—

BUTTERFLY
(hesitating)
One moment—

PINKERTON
Love, what fear holds you trembling?
Have done with all misgivings.
(pointing to the starlit sky)
See, the night doth enfold us!
See, all the world lies sleeping!

BUTTERFLY
(enraptured)
Ah! Night of rapture! Stars unending!
Never have I seen such glory!
Throbbing, sparkling, each star in heaven
Like a fiery eye is flashing.
Oh! how kindly are the heavens!
Every star that shines afar
Is gazing on us, lighting our future for us.
Ah! lovely night! Thy perfect calm
Is breathing love near and far!—

PINKERTON
(with passionate longing)
Come, then, come!—
(They go into the marriage-chamber)

ACT II.

Inside Butterfly's Little House.

PART I.

Suzuki, *coiled up in front of the image of Buddha, is praying: from time to time she rings the prayer-bell.*

Butterfly *is standing rigid and motionless near the screen.*

SUZUKI
(praying)

And Izaghi and Izanami
Sarundasico and Kami—
(breaking off)
My head is throbbing!
(rings the prayer-bell to invoke the attention of the Gods)
And thou
Ten-Sjoo-daj!
(looking at Butterfly)
Grant me that Butterfly
Shall weep no more, no more, no more.

BUTTERFLY

Lazy and idle
Are the Gods of Japan.
The God my husband prays to
Will give an answer far more quickly
To those who bow before Him.
But I'm afraid He knows not
That here we are dwelling.
(remains pensive, then she turns to Suzuki, who has risen to her feet and has drawn back the partition leading to the garden)
Suzuki, how soon shall we be starving?

SUZUKI

(opens a small cabinet, and, taking a few coins from it, shows them to Butterfly)

This is all that is left us.

BUTTERFLY

No more? Oh, we've been spendthrifts!

SUZUKI

(replaces the money in the cabinet, which she closes, saying, with a sigh:)

Unless he comes, and quickly,
Our plight is a bad one.

BUTTERFLY

(with decision)

He'll come, though.

SUZUKI

(shaking her head)

Will he come?

BUTTERFLY

(vexed, to Suzuki)

Why did he order the Consul
To provide this dwelling for us?
Now answer that!
And why was he so careful
To have the house provided with safe locks
If he did not intend to come again?

SUZUKI

I know not.

BUTTERFLY

(surprised at such ignorance)

Know you not?

(with proud confidence)

Then I will tell you. 'Twas to keep outside
Those spiteful plagues, my own relations.
And inside, 'twas to give me protection.
Me, his beloved wife—his Butterfly.

SUZUKI
(still far from convinced)
I never heard as yet
Of foreign husband
Who returned to his nest.

BUTTERFLY
(furious)
Silence, or I'll kill you.
(still trying to persuade Suzuki)
Why, just before he went,
I asked of him: "You'll come back again to me?"
And with his heart so heavy,
To conceal his trouble,
With a smile he made answer:
(imitating Pinkerton)
O Butterfly,
My tiny little child-wife,
I'll return with the roses,
The warm and sunny season
When the red-breasted robins
Are busy nesting.
(calm and convinced)
And he'll return.

SUZUKI
(still incredulous)
We'll hope so.

BUTTERFLY
(insisting)
Say it with me:
He'll return!

SUZUKI
(repeats, to please her)
He'll return!
(then she bursts out weeping)

BUTTERFLY
(surprised)
Weeping? and why?
Ah, 'tis faith you are lacking!
(she then continues, full of faith, and smiling)
Hear me.—One fine day we'll notice
A thread of smoke arising on the sea
In the far horizon,
And then the ship appearing;—
Then the trim white vessel
Glides into the harbour, thunders forth her cannon.
See you? He is coming!—
I do not go to meet him. Not I. I stay
Upon the brow of the hillock and wait, and wait
For a long time, but never weary
Of the long waiting.
From out the crowded city,
There is coming a man—
A little speck in the distance, climbing the hillock.
Can you guess who it is?
And when he's reached the summit
Can you guess what he'll say?
He will call "Butterfly" from the distance.
I, without answering,
Hold myself quietly concealed,
A bit to tease him, and a bit so as not to die
At our first meeting; and then, a little troubled,
He will call, he will call:
"Dear baby-wife of mine, dear little orange-blossom!"
The names he used to call me when he came here.
(to Suzuki)
This will all come to pass, just as I tell you.
Banish your idle fears—for he'll return, I know it.

(dismisses Suzuki, who goes out of door on left. Butterfly looks after her, sadly)

(Goro and Sharpless appear in the garden: Goro looks into the room, sees Butterfly and says to Sharpless:)

GORO

Come!—She's in here.

(brings Sharpless in; then goes outside again at once, and peeps in from the garden every now and then)

SHARPLESS

(knocks cautiously at the door on the right)

I am seeking—

(catches sight of Butterfly, who has risen on hearing him enter)

Madam Butterfly—

BUTTERFLY

(corrects him, without turning round)

Nay, Madam Pinkerton,

Excuse me.

(she turns round, recognizes the Consul, and claps her hands for joy)

Why here is the Consul; yes, the Consul!

(Suzuki enters eagerly and prepares a small table with smoking materials, some cushions and a stool)

SHARPLESS

(surprised)

What, you remember—?

BUTTERFLY

(doing the honors of the house)

You are welcome; be seated,
You are most honorably welcome.

SHARPLESS

Thank you.

BUTTERFLY

(invites the Consul to be seated near the table; Sharpless drops awkwardly on to a cushion; Butterfly sits down on the other side and slyly smiles behind her fan at his discomfort; then with much grace:)

And your honorable ancestors,
Is their health good?

SHARPLESS

(thanks her, smiling)

I hope so.

BUTTERFLY
(signs to Suzuki, who prepares the pipe)
You smoke?

SHARPLESS
Thank you
(he is anxious to explain the object of his visit, and draws a letter from his pocket)
I've here—

BUTTERFLY
(prettily interrupting him)
Augustness, the sky
Is quite unclouded.
(after having taken a draw at the pipe, she offers it to the Consul)

SHARPLESS
(refusing)
Thank you.
(trying again to resume the thread of his talk)
I've—

BUTTERFLY
(lays down the pipe on the table and says very pressingly:)
You prefer most likely
To smoke American cigarettes?
(offers him some)

SHARPLESS
(taking one)
Well, thank you.
(rises and tries to resume)
I have to show you—

BUTTERFLY
(hands him a lighted taper)
A light?

SHARPLESS
(lights his cigarette, but then puts it down at once, and showing her the letter, sits down on the stool)
I've a letter from Mr. Pinkerton.

BUTTERFLY
(with intense earnestness)
What? Really?
How's his honorable health?

SHARPLESS
He's quite well.

BUTTERFLY
(jumping up very joyfully)
Then I'm the happiest
Woman in Japan. Would you
Answer me a question?
(Suzuki is busy preparing tea)

SHARPLESS
Gladly.

BUTTERFLY
(sits down again)
At what time of the year
Do robins nest in America?

SHARPLESS
(amazed)
Are you serious?

BUTTERFLY
Yes.
Sooner or later than here?

SHARPLESS
Tell me—why?
(Goro comes up from the garden on to the terrace, and listens unseen by Butterfly)

BUTTERFLY
My husband gave his promise
He would return in the joyous season,
When robin redbreasts rebuild their nests.
Here they have built them thrice already,
But I thought that over there
They might nest less often.
(Goro bursts out laughing)

BUTTERFLY

Who's laughing?

(sees Goro)

Oh, the Nakodo.

(softly to Sharpless)

A wicked fellow.

GORO

(bowing obsequiously)

I was—

BUTTERFLY

Silence.

(to Sharpless)

Why, he dared—No, first I'd like
An answer. Answer me what I asked you.

SHARPLESS

(embarrassed)

I am sorry, but—I don't—
I never studied ornithology.

BUTTERFLY

(trying to understand)

Ah! orni—

SHARPLESS

—thology.

BUTTERFLY

Ah, then
You cannot tell me?

SHARPLESS

No.

(tries to return to his point)

We were saying—

BUTTERFLY

(interrupts him, pursuing her thoughts)

Ah, yes,
Scarcely was B. F. Pinkerton away,

Than Goro came hither
And besought me,
With arguments and presents, to re-marry.
He'd half-a-dozen suitors.
Now he offers me riches
If I will wed an idiot—

GORO

(to justify himself, tries to explain to Sharpless)

The wealthy Yamadori.
She's as poor as she can be—and her relations
Have cast her off completely

(Beyond the terrace the Prince Yamadori is seen, followed by two servants carrying flowers)

BUTTERFLY

(sees Yamadori, and points him out to Sharpless with a smile)

Here he is. Now listen.

(Yamadori enters with much pomp, bows gracefully to Butterfly then salutes the Consul. The two servants deliver their flowers to Suzuki, and retire to the back. Goro, full of servility, brings a stool for Yamadori, between Sharpless and Butterfly, and is very much in evidence throughout the interview. Sharpless and Yamadori sit down)

(to Yamadori)

Yamadori—and have the throes
Of unrequited love not yet released you?
Do you still intend to die
If I withhold my kisses?

YAMADORI

(to Sharpless)

There is naught on earth more cruel
Than the pangs of hopeless love.

BUTTERFLY

(with graceful raillery)

You have had so many consorts
Surely you must be inured!

YAMADORI

Ev'ry one of them I married,
And divorce has set me free.

BUTTERFLY
Thank you kindly!

YAMADORI
(eagerly)
But yet to you,
I would swear eternal faith.

SHARPLESS
(sighing, replaces the letter in his pocket)
(I am very much afraid
My message will not be delivered.)

GORO
(pointing out Yamadori to Sharpless, with emphasis)
Houses, servants, treasures, and
A regal palace at Omara!

BUTTERFLY
(seriously)
But my hand's bestowed already—

GORO AND YAMADORI
(to Sharpless)
She believes she still is married—

BUTTERFLY
(emphatically)
I don't believe, for I *know* it.

GORO
But the law says—

BUTTERFLY
(interrupting him)
I know it not.

GORO
(continues)
For the wife, desertion
Gives the right of divorce.

BUTTERFLY
(shaking her head)
That may be Japanese law,
But not in my country.

GORO

Which one?

BUTTERFLY
(with emphasis)

The United States.

SHARPLESS

(Poor little creature!)

BUTTERFLY
(strenuously, and growing excited)

I know, of course, to open the door
And to turn out your wife at any moment,
Here, constitutes divorce.
But in America, that cannot be done.
(to Sharpless)
Say so!

SHARPLESS
(embarrassed)

Yes, yes—but yet—

BUTTERFLY
(interrupts him, turning to Yamadori and Goro in triumph)

There, a true, honest
And unbiassed judge
Says to the husband:
"You wish to free yourself?
"Let us hear why.?—
"I am sick and tired
"Of conjugal fetters!"
Then the good judge says:
"Ah, wicked scoundrel,
"Clap him in prison!"
(to put an end to the subject, she orders Suzuki)
Suzuki, tea.

YAMADORI
(softly, to Sharpless, whilst Butterfly makes tea)

You hear her?

SHARPLESS

I am grieved at such hopeless blindness.

GORO

(whispers to Yamadori and Sharpless)

Mr. Pinkerton's ship is already
Signalled.

YAMADORI

(in despair)

And when they meet again——

SHARPLESS

(whispers to both)

He does not want to see her.—It is for that I came
To try and prepare her.—I have here a letter
From him, which—

(seeing that Butterfly is approaching him with tea, he cuts short his sentence)

BUTTERFLY

(charmingly, offering Sharpless a cup of tea)

Will your Honour allow me—

(opens her fan, and behind it points to the two others, laughing)

What troublesome people!

(offers tea to Yamadori, who refuses)

YAMADORI

(rises with a sigh and bows to Butterfly with hand on heart)

Farewell, then. I go, my heart heavy with sorrow,
But still I hope—

BUTTERFLY

So be it.

YAMADORI

(is leaving, but returns to Butterfly)

Ah, if you would but—

BUTTERFLY

The pity is: I will not!—

(Yamadori, after having bowed to Sharpless, goes off sighing, followed by his servants. Butterfly signs to Suzuki to remove the tea. Suzuki obeys, then retires to the back of the room. Goro promptly follows Yamadori)

SHARPLESS

(assumes a grave and serious aspect; with great respect, however, and some emotion, he invites Butterfly to be seated, and once more draws the letter from his pocket)

Now at last! Now if you please, be seated,

(Butterfly merrily seats herself near Sharpless, who shows her the letter)

And read this letter through with me.

BUTTERFLY

Show me.

(takes the letter, kisses it, then places it on her heart)

On my lips, on my heart—

(gives it back to Sharpless, saying, prettily:)

You are the best man
That ever lived. Begin, I beg you.

SHARPLESS

(reads)

"Dear Friend, I beg you seek out
"That child, that pretty flower——"

BUTTERFLY

(interrupting him joyfully)

Does he truly say that?

SHARPLESS

Yes, he truly says so,
But if you interrupt so—

BUTTERFLY

(calming down again)

I'll be quiet—and listen.

SHARPLESS

(resumes)

"Those were happy days together;
"Three years have now gone by since——"

BUTTERFLY

(unable to contain herself)

Then he too has counted!

SHARPLESS
(continues)
"And perhaps Butterfly
"Remembers me no more."

BUTTERFLY
(surprised)
I not remember?
(turning to Suzuki)
Suzuki, tell him quickly.
(repeats as though scandalized at the words of the letter :)
"Remembers me no more ! "
(Suzuki nods her head affirmatively, then goes into room on left)

SHARPLESS
(to himself)
Oh, patience !
(continues reading)
"If she still
"Cares for me and expects me—"

BUTTERFLY
(deeply moved)
Oh, what glorious tidings !
(takes the letter and kisses it)
You blesséd letter !

SHARPLESS
(takes the letter back and boldly resumes reading, though his voice is trembling with emotion)
"On you I am relying
"To act discreetly, and with tact
"And caution to prepare her—"

BUTTERFLY
(anxiously, but radiant)
He's coming—

SHARPLESS
"For the shock—"

BUTTERFLY
(jumping for joy and clapping her hands)
Tell me quickly, quickly !

SHARPLESS

(resignedly folds up the letter and replaces it in his pocket)

(Well, really!
Here I ought to prevent her—

(shaking his head in vexation)

That fiend of a Pinkerton!)

(rises, and looking straight into Butterfly's eyes, very seriously)

Now say,
What would you do, tell me, Madam Butterfly,
If he were never to return again?

BUTTERFLY

(motionless, like one who has received a death blow, bows her head, and says with childlike submissiveness:)

Two things I might do:
Go back and entertain
The people with my songs—
Or else,—better—to die.

SHARPLESS

(is deeply moved, and walks up and down excitedly—then he turns to Butterfly, takes her hands in his, and says with fatherly tenderness:)

I am loth indeed to tear you
From illusions so beguiling,
But I urge you to accept the hand
Of wealthy Yamadori.

BUTTERFLY

(withdrawing her hands from his)

You, Augustness, you tell me this!

SHARPLESS

(embarrassed)

Holy powers, what can I do?

BUTTERFLY

(claps her hands—Suzuki hastens in)

Here, Suzuki, come quickly please.
Show his Honour to the door.

SHARPLESS

You dismiss me?

(is on the point of leaving, but Butterfly runs to him sobbing, and holds him back)

BUTTERFLY

I beseech you,
Let my words be quite forgotten.

(dismisses Suzuki, who goes into the garden)

SHARPLESS

(making excuses)

I was brutal, I admit it.

BUTTERFLY

(sadly, laying her hand on her heart)

Oh, you've wounded me so deeply,
Wounded me so very deeply!

SHARPLESS

(with emotion)

Poor little creature!

(Butterfly totters; Sharpless is about to support her, but she quickly rallies)

BUTTERFLY

'Tis nothing, nothing!
I felt ready to die!—But see, it passes,
Swift as shadows that flit across the ocean.
Ah! am I forgotten?

(runs into the room on the left, and comes back in triumph, carrying her baby on her shoulder, and shows him to Sharpless, full of pride)

Look here then! look here!
Can such as *this* well be forgotten?

(puts the child down on the ground and holds him close to her)

SHARPLESS

(deeply touched)

Is it his?

BUTTERFLY
(pointing to his features one by one)
What Japanese
Baby was ever born with azure eyes?
Such lips too? and such a head
Of golden curls?

SHARPLESS
(more and more moved)
It is his image.
Has Pinkerton been told?

BUTTERFLY
No, I bore him when he
Was far off in his big native country.
(caressing the child)
But you will write and tell him
There awaits him a son, who has no equal!
And would you tell me then, that he won't hasten
Over land and over sea!
(seats the child on the cushion, and kisses him fondly)
Do you know, my sweet, what that bad man
(points to Sharpless)
Had heart to fancy?
That your mother should take you on her shoulder
And forth should wander in rain and tempest
Through the town, seeking to earn enough
For food and clothing.
And then, before the pitying people
To dance in measure to her song, and cry out:
"Oh, listen, good people,
"Listen for the love of all
"The eight hundred thousand gods and goddesses of Japan!"
And there will pass a band of valiant warriors
With their Emp'ror, to whom I'll say:
"Noble Ruler, tarry thy footsteps
"And deign to stop and look
(showing the child and caressing him)
"At these blue eyes, as blue as the azure heaven
"Whence you, Most High, are come!"

(she crouches down beside the child, and continues in caressing and tearful tones)

And then, the noble King
Will stay his progress, full of gracious kindness,

(pressing her cheek next to the baby's cheek)

Who knows? he'll make of you
The most exalted ruler of his kingdom.

(she strains the child to her heart, and crouching down on the ground, hugs him passionately)

SHARPLESS

(cannot restrain his tears)

(Poor faithful soul!)

(then, conquering his emotion, he says:)

'Tis evening. I must be going.

(Butterfly rises to her feet and with a charming gesture gives Sharpless her hand; he shakes it cordially with both of his)

You will excuse me?

BUTTERFLY

(to the child)

Now you—give him your hand, love.

SHARPLESS

(takes the child in his arms)

What pretty golden ringlets!

(kisses him)

Darling, what do they call you?

BUTTERFLY

Give answer:
Sir, to-day my name is *Trouble.* But yet
Write and tell my father, on the day
Of his returning,
Joy shall be my name.

SHARPLESS

Your father shall be told, that I will promise.

(puts down the child, bows to Butterfly, and goes out quickly by door on the right)

BUTTERFLY

(clapping her hands)

Suzuki.

SUZUKI
(shouting outside)
Scoundrel! Rascal! Wretched coward!
(she then comes in, roughly dragging in Goro, who tries in vain to escape)

BUTTERFLY
Who's that?

SUZUKI
He prowls around here,
Evil reptile! from morn to evening,
And tells this scandal
All through the town:
That no one knows
Who is this baby's father!
(she releases Goro, who tries to justify himself)

GORO
I only told her
That out in America
Whene'er a baby
Is born in such conditions,
He will be shunned throughout his life
And treated as an outcast—
(Butterfly, enraged, runs to the shrine, and takes down the sword which was used for the *hara kiri*—condemned suicide—of her father, crying:)

BUTTERFLY
Ah, you're lying, lying!
(seizes Goro, who falls down, and threatens to kill him: Goro utters desperate howls)
Say't again and I'll kill you!

SUZUKI
(thrusts herself between them)
No!
(horrified at such a scene, she takes the baby and carries him into the room on the left)

BUTTERFLY
(seized with disgust, pushes him away with her foot)
Begone!

(Goro makes his escape; Butterfly rouses herself and goes to put away the dagger, and her thoughts turning to her child, she exclaims:)

Oh, you'll see, love of my heart,
My grief and yet my comfort,
That your avenger soon will be here
And take you and me to his own country,
Where—

(a cannon-shot)

SUZUKI

(enters breathlessly)

The harbour cannon!

(runs toward the terrace—Butterfly follows her)

Look, 'tis a man-of-war.

BUTTERFLY

(breathless with excitement)

White—white—the American
Stars and stripes—'tis putting
Into port to anchor.

(takes a telescope from the table and runs on to the terrace: all trembling with excitement, she directs the telescope towards the harbour, and says to Suzuki:)

Keep my hand steady,
That I may read the name,
The name, the name. Here it is: Abraham Lincoln!

(gives the telescope to Suzuki, and goes down from the terrace in the greatest state of excitement)

They all were liars!
Liars! liars! But I
Knew it always—I—who love him.

(to Suzuki)

Now do you see the folly of your doubting?
He's coming! He's coming!
Just at the moment you all were saying:
Weep and forget him. My love wins the day!
My love and faith have won completely—
He's here—he loves me!

(a prey to the greatest excitement and joy, she goes on to the terrace, saying:)

Shake that cherry-tree till ev'ry flower,
White as snow, flutters down—
His noble brow, in a sweet scented shower
I would smother.

(sobbing for tenderness)

SUZUKI

(soothing her)

Sweet Madam,
Be calm, I pray: this weeping—

BUTTERFLY

Nay, laughing, laughing! When
May we expect him up here?
What think you? In an hour?

SUZUKI

Too soon.

BUTTERFLY

(thoughtfully)

Yes, 'tis too soon.
Two hours more likely. You
Go for flowers. Flowers be everywhere,
As close as stars are in the heavens.

(signs to Suzuki to go into the garden)

SUZUKI

(from the terrace)

All the flowers?

BUTTERFLY

All—Peaches, violets, jessamine,
Ev'ry spray of gorse or grass or flow'ring tree.

SUZUKI

Desolate as in winter the garden will appear.

(goes into the garden)

BUTTERFLY

Ah! but the balmy breath of spring shall shed her sweetness here.

SUZUKI

(appears on the terrace and holds out a large bunch of flowers and foliage to Butterfly)

Here's more, dear mistress.

BUTTERFLY

(taking the bunch)

'Tis not enough yet.

(Butterfly distributes the flowers about the room, while Suzuki goes back to the garden)

SUZUKI

(from the garden)

How often at this window you've stood and wept, and waited.
Gazing and gazing into the wide, wide world beyond.

BUTTERFLY

No more need I pray for, since the kind sea has brought him.
I gave my tears to the earth, and it returns me flow'rs!

SUSUKI

(reappears on the terrace with another load of flowers)

Not a flow'r left.

BUTTERFLY

(taking the flowers)

Give me your burden.
Come and help me.

(they scatter flowers everywhere)

SUSUKI

Roses shall adorn
The threshold.

BUTTERFLY

Now round his seat
Entwine convolvulus.

SUZUKI

Lillies?—Violets?

BUTTERFLY

Come, scatter flowers.

BUTTERFLY *and* SUZUKI

Let us sow fair April here.

(lightly swaying their bodies to a dance measure, they scatter flowers everywhere)

In handfuls let us scatter
Violets and roses white,
Sprays of scented sweet verbena,
And the petals of all flowers!

(Butterfly, assisted by Suzuki, fetches out her toilet requirements)

BUTTERFLY

(to Suzuki)

Now, come and make me fine—
No, first bring me the baby.

(Suzuki goes into the room on the left and brings the child, whom she seats near Butterfly, who meanwhile looks at herself in a small hand-mirrow, and says sadly:)

Alas, how changed he'll find me!
Drawn, weary mouth from overmuch sighing,
And poor tired eyes from overmuch crying.

(throws herself on the ground, laying her head on Suzuki's feet)

Suzuki, make me pretty, make me pretty!

SUZUKI

(stroking Butterfly's head, to sooth her)

Rest calm and happy, and you'll be fair once more.

BUTTERFLY

Who knows? who knows?

(rises, resumes her toilet and says to Suzuki:)

Put on each cheek
A little touch of carmine——

(takes a paintbrush and puts a dab of rouge on the baby's cheeks)
And also for my darling
So that the watching may not make his face
Heavy and palid.

SUZUKI
Nay, but keep still, till I've finished arrainging your hair.

BUTTERFLY
(pursuing her thoughts)
What a surprise
For all my relations!
And for the Bonze
My uncle! How they
Will prate and shout in chorus!
Oh what a hubbub I can hear
The gossips make with Goro!
All of them sure and glad
Of my downfall!
And Yamadori
With his airs and graces!
My scorn and derision,
My jeers and contempt
For the wretches!

SUZUKI
(has finished Butterfly's toilet)
I've finished.

BUTTERFLY
Bring me my wedding-garment.
(Suzuki goes to a small coffer and brings out the obi and the white garment, returns with two garments, and gives one with the obi to Butterfly)

BUTTERFLY

(puts down the child)

Bring it hither quickly.

(while she puts on her garment, Suzuki dresses the child in the other one, wrapping him up almost entirely in the ample and light draperies)

I would have him see me in it
As on my wedding-day.
In my hair we will put
A scarlet poppy—

(Suzuki, who has finished dressing the baby, fetches the flower and places it in Butterfly's hair. The latter looks at herself in the glass, and is pleased with the effect

Like this.

(she then signs to Suzuki to lower the *shosi*)

In the *shosi* we'll make three little holes
That we can look out,
And still as little mice we'll stay here
To watch and wait.

She carries the child close to the *shosi*, in which she makes three holes; one high up for herself, one lower down for Suzuki, and a third one lower still for the baby, whom she seats on a cushion, showing him how to look out of his hole. Suzuki crouches down and also gazes out through her hole. Butterfly stands in front of the top hole and gazes through it. After some time Suzuki and the child fall asleep. Meanwhile night has fallen, and the rays of the moon shed their lights from without the *shosi*. Butterfly remains motionless, rigid as a statue.

ACT II.

PART II.

The weary night of watching passes. The clanging of chains and anchors and the distant voices of sailors rise from the harbour at the foot of the hill. At the rising of the curtain is already dawn; Butterfly still motionless, is gazing out into the distance.

SUZUKI

(awakening with a start)

'Tis daylight.

(rises and taps Butterfly lightly on the shoulder)

Cho-Cho-San !

BUTTERFLY

(starts, and says confidently :)

He'll come ; he'll come—I know he'll come.

(sees that the child has fallen asleep, and takes him in her arms)

SUZUKI

I pray you, go and rest, for you are weary,
And I will call you when he arrives.

BUTTERFLY

(singing softly as she goes up the staircase)

Sweet, thou art sleeping,
Cradled on my heart ;
Safe in God's keeping,
While I must weep apart ;
Around thy head the moonbeams dart,
Sleep, my belovéd !

(goes into the room above)

SUZUKI

(watches her go, and says with deep pity:)

Poor Madam Butterfly!

(Suzuki kneels before the image of Buddha, then goes to open the *shosi*.

Pinkerton *and* **Sharpless** *knock gently at the door.*

SUZUKI

Who is it?

(goes to open the door, and stands greatly surprised)

Oh!

SHARPLESS

(signing her not to make a noise)

Hush! Hush!

(Pinkerton and Sharpless enter cautiously on tiptoe)

PINKERTON

(anxiously, to Suzuki)

Is she asleep? Disturb her not.

SUZUKI

She was so very weary!
She stood expecting you
All through the night, with the baby.

PINKERTON

How did she know?

SUZUKI

No ship has crossed the harbour these three years
Whose flags and colours Butterfly has not
Eagerly examined.

SHARPLESS
(to Pinkerton)
Did I not tell you?

SUZUKI
(going)
I'll call her.

PINKERTON
(stopping her)
No, not yet.

SUZUKI
Look around you,
Last night she would have the room
Decorated with flowers.

SHARPLESS
(deeply touched)
Did I not tell you?

PINKERTON
(distressed)
Oh, torment?

SUZUKI
(surprised)
Torment?
(hears sounds from the garden)
Who's that outside there
In the garden?
(goes to look through the *shosi* and exclaims in surprise:)
A lady!!—

PINKERTON
(leading her forward again)
Hush!

SUZUKI
(excitedly)
Who's that? Who's that?

SHARPLESS
Better tell her all.

PINKERTON
(in confusion)
She came with me.—

SHARPLESS
(deliberately)
She's his wife.

SUZUKI
(stupified, raises her arms to Heaven, then fall on her knees with her face to the ground)
Hallowed souls of my fathers !
The world is plunged in gloom !

SHARPLESS
(calming her, and raising her from the ground)
We came here so early in the morning
To find you all alone, that you might give us
Your help and guidance in this our plight.

SUZUKI
(in despair)
How can I ?

(Sharpless takes her aside and tries with prayers and entreaties to get her consent, whilst Pinkerton, getting more and more agitated, wanders about the room, noting every detail)

SHARPLESS
(to Suzuki)
I know that for such a trouble
There is no consolation !
But the future of the baby
Must be our first and special thought !
This gentle lady
Who dare not enter
Will give the child a mother's care.

SUZUKI
Woe is me ! do you ask me
To go and tell a mother—

SHARPLESS
(persisting)
Delay not, call her,
Call in that gentle lady
And conduct her here—if even
Butterfly should see her, no matter.
Then with her eyes she will learn
The cruel truth we dare not tell her.

SUZUKI
Oh, woe is me !
(Sharpless pushes her into the garden, where she joins Mrs. Pinkerton)

PINKERTON
Oh, the bitter fragrance
Of these flowers,
It is poison to my heart.
Unchanged is the chamber
Where once we loved—
But a deathly chill haunts the air.
(sees his own likeness and takes it up)
And here my portrait !
(puts it down)
Faded is the likeness,
Just like a leaf pressed between pages.
Three years have passed away,
And ev'ry day, every hour she counted—
(agitated by these reminiscences he turns to Sharpless)
I cannot remain,—Sharpless, I'll wait for you
Outside. Give her this money, just to support her—
(gives the Consul some money)
Remorse and anguish choke me.

SHARPLESS
Is it not as I told you !

PINKERTON

Yes. In one sudden moment
I see my heartless action,
And feel that I shall never free myself
From remorse.
Haunted for ever I shall be
By her reproachful eyes.
Farewell, O happy home!
Farewell, home of love!
I cannot bear to stay!
Like a coward let me fly—
Farewell!

SHARPLESS

I warned you—you remember?
When in your hand she laid hers:
"Be careful, for she believes you."
Alas, how true I spoke!
Deaf to doubting, humiliation,
Blindly trusting to your promise
Her heart will break.
But now this faithful heart
Has perhaps already divined.
Now go—the cruel truth
She best should hear alone

(Pinkerton, wringing the Consul hands, goes out quickly as Kate and Suzuki come in from the garden)

KATE
(to Suzuki)
Then you will tell her?

SUZUKI
I promise.

KATE
And you will counsel her
To trust me?

SUZUKI
I promise.

KATE
Like my son will I tend him.

SUZUKI
I trust you! But I must be alone beside her
In this cruel hour! She will weep so sorely!

BUTTERFLY
(calling from the room above)
Suzuki, Suzuki, where are you?
(appears at the head of the staircase)

SUZUKI
(signs to the others to keep quiet, then answers:)
I'm here. I was praying, and going back to watch—
(Butterfly comes down. Suzuki rushes toward the staircase to prevent her from coming)
No, no, do not come down.

BUTTERFLY
(comes down quickly, freeing herself from Suzuki, who tries in vain to hold her back; then she paces the room in a state of great excitement but happiness)
He's here—where is he hidden?

(sees Sharpless)
Here is the Consul—and where is?—where is?—
(looks behind the screens)
Not here!
(turns and sees Mrs. Pinkerton)
Who are you?
Why have you come?—No one answers!—Why are you weeping?
No, no, tell me nothing—nothing—lest I fall dead
At your feet at the words I hear. You, Suzuki,
Are always so faithful—do not weep, I pray!
Since you love me so dearly, say "yes" or "no" quite softly,
He lives?

SUZUKI
Yes.

BUTTERFLY
But he'll come
No more. They have told you!
(angered at Suzuki's silence)
Woman, I want you to reply.

SUZUKI
No more.

BUTTERFLY
He reached here yesterday?

SUZUKI
Yes.

BUTTERFLY
(looks at Kate as though compelled)
Who is this lady
That terrifies me—terrifies me?

KATE
(simply)
Through no fault of my own
I'm the cause of your trouble. Forgive me, pray.
(is about to approach Butterfly, who imperiously waves her off)

BUTTERFLY
No—do not touch me.
(a long and painful silence; then Butterfly resumes in a calm voice:)
And how long is it since he married—you?

KATE

A year, exactly.

(Butterfly is silent)

And will you let me do nothing for the child?
I will tend him with most loving care—

(Butterfly does not reply; Kate, impressed by her silence, persists, deeply moved:)

'Tis hard for you, very hard!
But take the step for his welfare.

BUTTERFLY

(after a long silence)

Who knows!?
All is over now!

KATE

(gently)

Can you not forgive me, Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY

(solemnly)

Neath the blue vault of heaven
There is no happier lady than you are—
May you remain so
Nor e'er be saddened through me—
Yet it would please me greatly
That you should tell him
That peace will come to me—

KATE

(holding out her hand)

Your hand—your hand, may I not take it?

BUTTERFLY

(drawing back, but replying kindly)

I pray you—no—not that!
Now go and leave me.

KATE

(going away, says to Sharpless)

Poor little lady!

SHARPLESS

(deeply moved)

Oh, the pity of it all!

KATE

(whispers to Sharpless)

And can he have his son?

BUTTERFLY

(who has heard)

His son I will give him
If he will come and fetch him.
Climb this hill in half an hour from now.

(Suzuki escorts Kate and Sharpless, who got out by the door on the right; Butterfly is on the point of collapsing; Suzuki hastens to support her)

SUZUKI

(laying her hand on Butterfly's heart)

Like to a poor imprison'd bird
Beats this little fluttering heart!

BUTTERFLY

(gradually recovers; seeing that it is now broad daylight she disengages herself from Suzuki and says:)

Too much light shines outside,
And too much smiling spring.
Close them.

(pointing to the curtains)

(Suzuki closes doors and curtains—the room is almost in total darkness)

Where is the child?

SUZUKI

Playing. Shall I call him!

BUTTERFLY

Leave him at his play.

(dismissing her)

Go—go and play with him.

SUZUKI

I will not leave you alone.

(throws herself weeping at Butterfly's feet)

BUTTERFLY

How runs the ditty? "Thro' closéd gates he enter'd,
"Life and Love entered with him—then he went—
"And nought was left to us—naught but death."

SUZUKI

(weeping)

With you I stay.

BUTTERFLY

(resolutely—clapping her hands)

Go—go—obey my orders.

(makes the weeping Suzuki rise, and pushes her outside the exit on the left. Then Butterfly goes in front of the image of Buddha, bows before it and remains motionless, lost in sad thought; she goes to the shrine and takes from it a large white veil which she throws across the screen; she takes the dagger which, in a waxen sheath, is leaning against the wall near the image of Buddha, and piously kisses the blade, holding it with both hands by the point and by the handle: then she reads the words inscribed on the blade:)

"To die with honour
When one can no longer live with honour."

(she points the dagger at her throat; the door on the left opens and shows Suzuki's arm pushing in the child to his mother; the child runs to her with outstretched hands. Butterfly lets fall the dagger, darts towards the child and hugs and kisses him almost to suffocation)

You, you, beloved idol!
Adoréd being! Fairest
Flower of beauty!
Here on your dear fair head,
Here let me bury
My tortured brow
Among your curls.
Though you ne'er must know it
'Tis for you I'm dying,
I, poor Butterfly,
That you may go away
Beyond the ocean,
Never to feel the torment when you are older
That your mother forsook you!

O my son, sent to me from Heaven,
Straight from the throne of glory!
Take one last careful look
At your poor mother's face!
That its memory may linger,
Even though it be dim and faint.
Let not my beauty's ling'ring bloom
Be faded quite!
Farewell, beloved!
Go—play—play.

(Butterfly takes the child, seats him on a stool with his face turned to the left, puts the American flag and a doll in his hands and motions him to play with them, while she gently bandages his eyes. Then she seizes a dagger, and her eyes still fixed on the child, goes behind the screen. The knife is heard falling to the ground, and the large white veil disappears, as though drawn by an invisible hand. Butterfly emerges from behind the screen, the large white veil is round her neck. Tottering she gropes her way towards the child, and, smiling feebly, has just enough strength to embrace him before she falls to the ground beside him. At this moment Pinkerton's voice is heard outside, on the right, calling repeatedly:

"Butterfly! Butterfly!"

then the door on the right is violently burst open: Pinkerton and Sharpless rush into the room and up to Butterfly, who, with a feeble gesture, points to the child and dies. Pinkerton falls on his knees, while Sharpless takes the child and kisses him, sobbing)

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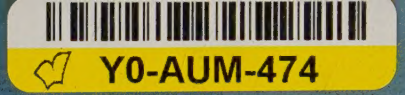
A fine of two cents a day will be charged for overdue two week books, and five cents a day for overdue seven day books.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